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Story of my life



16 0 2

Chapter 1 by Bareea Tariq

I sat there at the bench just beneath my favorite tree at the park. I had always loved this place. It somehow reminded me of who I was and what I had become. The cold wind froze my nose. It reminded me of my childhood when I used to run after him, circling around the tree, with a numb red nose. He used to blow air on my nose to decrease the numbness.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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